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THE FOUNTAIN INN

AGNES SURRIAGE AND
SIR HARRY FRANKLAND

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FROM THE BOOKS
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF

Sarah Orne Jewett
AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

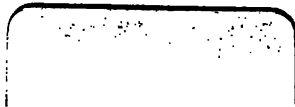


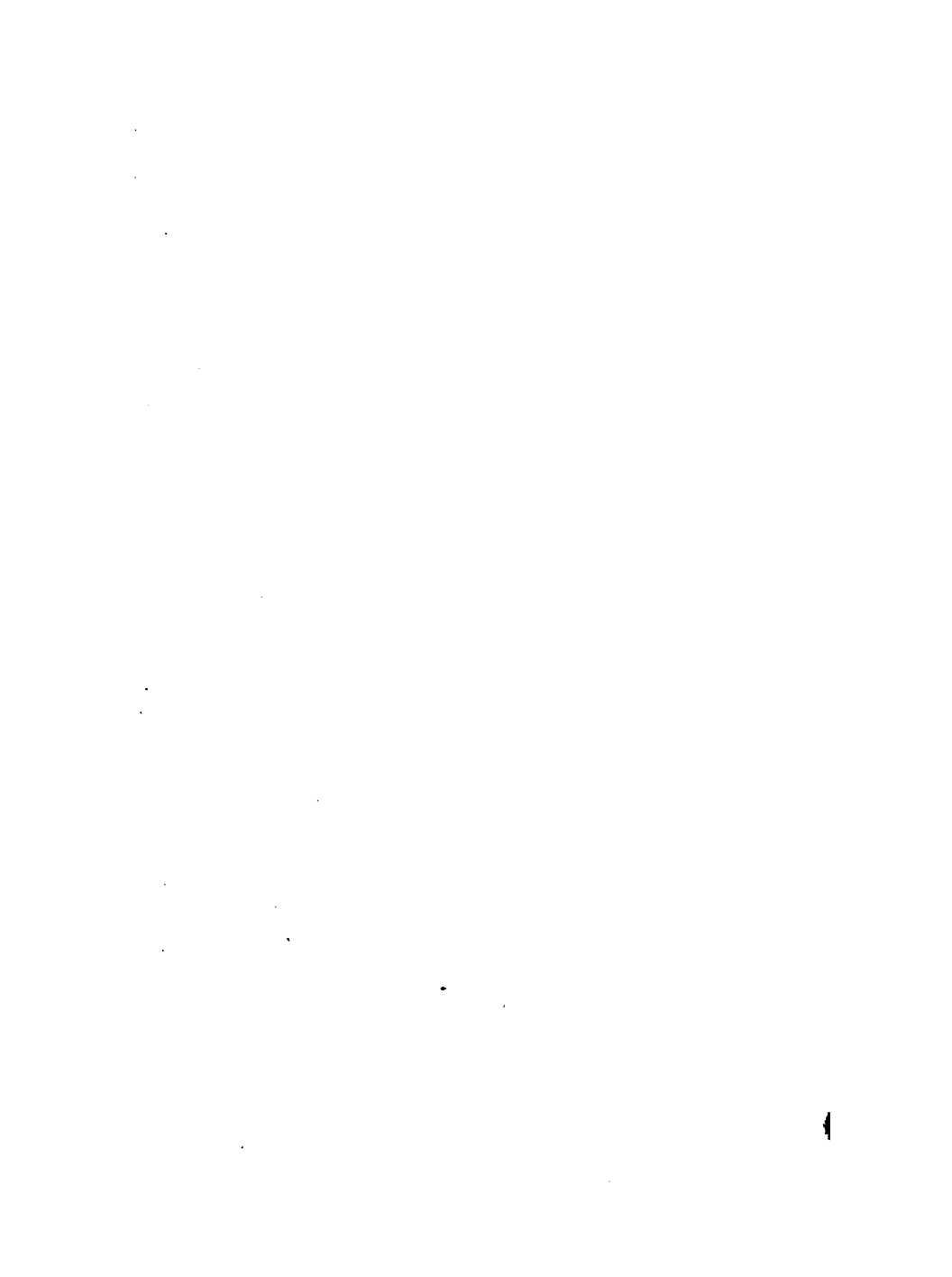
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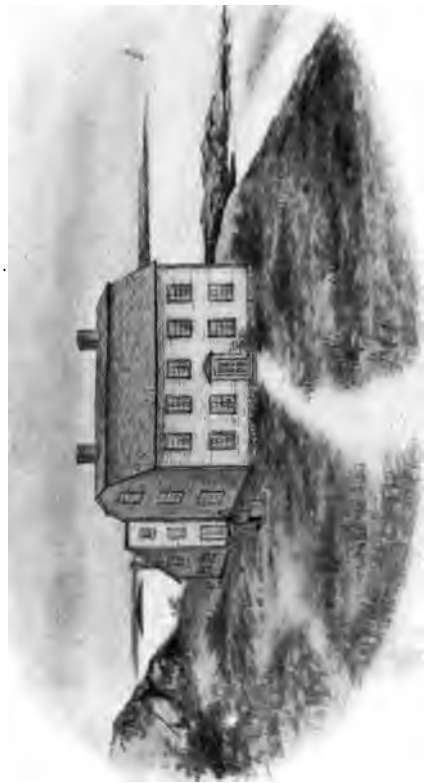
Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

1931







FOUNTAIN INN, 1742.

Erected in 1721; removed previous to 1788.

THE FOUNTAIN INN

AGNES SURRIAGE AND
SIR HARRY FRANKLAND

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE
MARBLEHEAD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DECEMBER 8, 1904

By NATHAN P. SANBORN

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY

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1905

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MARBLEHEAD
N. A. LINDBEY & Co.
1905

THE picture of the Fountain Inn opposite the title page was made for the Historical Society by Thomas Pitman, a native artist and a member of the society.

The site, the islands and the distant shore were all sketched with an artist's skill, while standing upon the premises. The house was then drawn where the hidden foundations plainly indicate that it should be; and the various details are made to harmonize with the descriptions of the house as given in the sundry divisions, subdivisions and executions that followed in its brief history after the death of Nathaniel Bartlett, the Innholder.

While we cannot vouch for its entire accuracy, we can say it does not differ in any particular from the description given in the records.

PREFACE.

The early history of Marblehead furnishes abundant material for the writer and novelist; in many cases the plain, unvarnished facts read like fiction, and require no embellishment to make them fascinating to the reader. There were houses that were of importance in their day, the location of which is now uncertain. There were families, numerous for several generations, whose names have entirely disappeared from the list of the inhabitants of the town. All serving to make it easy for the novelist to spin and weave a good story, located in Marblehead.

The story of the Fountain Inn and Agnes Surriage has been told in poetry and in prose; notably by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edwin L. Bynner, each drawing upon his imagination for incidents to fill up any

apparent void in the story; each succeeding so well that his book has been widely read by sympathizing and interested readers; and as a result, hundreds of Marblehead visitors annually search out the site of the Fountain Inn, slake their thirst at the Fountain Well, and enquire, "How much of the story is fact, and how much is fiction?" The following paper is intended to give only well authenticated facts.

THE FOUNTAIN INN

AGNES SURRIAGE AND
SIR HARRY FRANKLAND

THE days of the Fountain Inn have long since passed. No living person remembers of ever hearing it said by any one, not even by grandfather or grandmother, "I remember the old Inn; I saw it when I was a child."

No attempt, as far as I know, was ever made to describe the house, whether it was grand or otherwise. The question is sometimes asked, "Was there ever such a house in Marblehead?"

The question would not be worth answering were it not for the fact that Agnes Sur-

riage, an artless but pretty maid, the daughter of a poor fisherman, was once a servant girl there.

It is nevertheless true the Fountain Inn was no myth, but was a real, substantial, hospitable, public house. One hundred and seventy years ago it was the public house of Marblehead. Strangers sought and found entertainment there, as did some to the manor born.

Our information is meagre, but it is reliable, for it is drawn almost entirely from the Essex Registry of Deeds, and that not thus drawn is drawn from the rocks and the soil of the site we are studying.

A few years ago the editor of the Essex Antiquarian, in an excellent article on this subject, gave us data that was new to most of us, and was new because it was so old. But it was a record on which we may rely.

In the free use of facts, wherever they could be found, the following paper is presented.

On putting together the scattered fragments, we find not a complete picture, but an outline and a background of a house of the

eighteenth century, picturesque and fascinating to one who loves to study the history of Colonial times.

Would it seem presumption on my part if I were to attempt to describe the estate on which the old hostelry stood, give in outline a description of the house and a history of the old Inn? It may seem so, but is it when we have so clear an outline on the record, and the site is within easy reach.

If I were to try my hand at it, I would say: In 1720 on the plateau between Little Harbor and the great bluff that now bounds Fountain Park was the Bartlett homestead; and well back toward the bluff and facing Little Harbor stood the Bartlett mansion, and between the mansion and the harbor was the well, the garden and the orchard.

When the mansion was first erected there was in the center of the grass plot in front of it a spring or a natural fountain where the clear, cool, fresh water came bubbling to the surface and was gathered in a little pool for the use of the household and their neighbors; and that the water might not run to waste, but rather be stored for use, a well was dug

and for obvious reasons was called the Fountain Well.

January 7, 1721, Nathaniel Bartlett, mariner and innholder, who had dug and built for himself a cellar in his father's orchard, in front of his father's dwelling, and near Little Harbor, received a deed of the land where he had commenced to build, and before 1723, when another piece of land was conveyed to him, his house was completed and opened as the Fountain Tavern; receiving its name from the well that was near its southern corner, over which was the sweep and in which was the oaken bucket.

It seems to have been a house two stories high with the end towards Little Harbor, the front to the southwest, that is, facing the end of the lane from Orne street, by which it is approached; a front door in the center, and containing eight rooms, there being one "over the entry-way." At about that time the "Commoners," according to their records, began to hold their meetings at the Fountain Tavern; and from that time Nathaniel Bartlett was innkeeper until he died in 1749. The estate was then divided. The south-

easterly end was set off to Jane, his widow, as her dower, with one-half of the woodhouse and land adjoining. The remainder of the estate was divided between his two daughters and apparently the house ceased to be an inn. But it was always known as the Fountain Tavern.

In 1757 the northwesterly part of the Fountain Inn passed into the estate of John Riddan, the man from whom the First Church purchased the land in Franklin street where the meeting house stood. In 1789 Joseph Hinckley, merchant, (who owned the "Hinckley Building" at the corner of Washington street and "Academy Lane") conveyed to Captain John Patten his interest in the Fountain garden and the land thereto adjoining on which the house called the Fountain Tavern formerly stood. In 1828 the estate passed into the hands of Joshua O. Bowden, in whose family it still remains.

What became of the old tavern, when or why it was removed we cannot, at this time, tell.

It is evident that it was standing in 1757 and that it was gone in 1789, and also that

Nathaniel Bartlett was its landlord throughout its history as a public house.

To-day the plateau is there and the Fountain Well with its curb, but without the sweep and the iron-bound oaken bucket. The bluffs, the harbors, little and great, the fort, the point of the Neck, the islands, and the north shore, the bay and the limitless ocean may all be seen, as in the palmiest day of the Fountain Inn. It is as grand and beautiful an outlook as ever came within the range of mortal vision. Above the surface of the ground no trace of the Fountain Inn is to be seen; but if you were to break the green-sward in the orchard, and dig a little below, you would find the foundation stones of the old Inn.

Below I give the authority for some of the statements already made as it appears in the Essex Registry of Deeds:

“January 7, 1721, William Bartlett, Senior, of Marblehead, yeoman and fisherman, and his wife Sarah conveyed to their son Nathaniel Bartlett of Marblehead, mariner and innholder, a small piece of land where his cellar now is, in our orchard, before our

mansion house at Little Harbor." (Bk. 39, lf. 15.)

"August 22, 1723, Nathaniel Bartlett, Senior, of Marblehead, shoresman, executor of the will of his uncle, Nathaniel Walton, late of Marblehead, deceased, conveyed to his cousin, Nathaniel Bartlett, Junior, of Marblehead, mariner and innholder, a piece of land on which the deceased's barn and cow-house formerly stood where the grantee 'hath set up a new house.' " (R. D. bk. 41, lf. 167.)

Nathaniel Bartlett died here while conducting the tavern in 1749. His widow, Jane, married secondly a Mr. Jackson, and December 12, 1750, there was assigned to her as dower "the southeasterly end of the Fountain Tavern, so called, at the north end of the town, with a small piece of garden of about one pole in breadth, lying on the westerly side of Thomas Bartlett's land there, and all the land lying at the southeast end of the house the whole breadth thereof, with the northeasterly end of the wood-house, extending to the middle thereof, (reserving to lie in common for the free and

equal use of all parties concerned, the well belonging to the homestead and all of the land now lying on the southwest of the house at the north end, and all entry and stairways from the cellar to the garret and a passageway through the outer cellar doors and from thence to all parts of the cellar)."

"February 9, 1750-1 the remainder of the estate was divided among the heirs of Nathaniel Bartlett of Marblehead, innholder, Mary, widow of Andrew Tucker of Marblehead, mariner, and Widow Sarah Preble. To Sarah Preble was assigned the northwesterly end of the Fountain Tavern, near Little Harbor, with the chamber over the entryway with the land exclusive of that assigned to the widow" (R. D. bk. 94, lf. 263), leaving the remainder, the kitchen, dining-room and chamber over, to Mrs. Tucker.

"March 20, 1750-1, Mrs. Preble conveyed her part to Nathaniel Bartlett." (R. D. bk. 96, lf. 107.)

"In 1756 the estate of John Riddan recovered a judgment against the estate of Nathaniel Bartlett, Junior, and the northwesterly half of the Fountain Inn and his

interest in the southwesterly portion. (Samuel Rogers was occupying the premises at that time.) The premises were set off to the Riddan estate February 9, 1757. (R. D. bk. 103, lf. 201.)

“October 26, 1789, Joseph Hinckley of Marblehead, merchant, and his wife Deborah conveyed to Captain John Patten, mariner, their interest in the Fountain garden and the land thereto adjoining, on which the house called the Fountain Tavern formerly stood, except a small part thereof claimed by Mrs. Rogers and others.” (R. D. bk. 154, lf. 179.)

“January 8, 1792, Widow Deborah Bourn of Marblehead conveyed her interest in the estate to Captain Patten.” (R. D. bk. 154, lf. 180.)

Agnes Surriage* was born in Marblehead and was baptized April 17, 1726, by Rev. Edward Holyoke, at that time pastor of the Second Church. Her father was Edward

*The fourth in a family of eight children: Edward, baptised July 5, 1719; Mary, baptised January 14, 1722; Josiah, baptised April 5, 1724; Agnes, baptised April 17, 1726; Thomas, baptised May 5, 1728; John, baptised June 28, 1730; Hugh, baptised September 17, 1732; Isaac.

Surriage, a poor fisherman of Marblehead, of whose ancestry we have no knowledge. Her mother was Mary (Pierce) Surriage, a daughter of Richard Pierce, New Harbor, Me., whose family was brought to Marblehead at the time of the King Philip War. She was a granddaughter of the celebrated John Brown, who settled at Pemaquid, now Bristol, Me., in 1625, and bought of the Indians a large tract of land. John Brown was a merchant of London of considerable wealth, of great activity, and of good family; shrewd in his business transactions and just in his dealings. Agnes, at least on her mother's side, was of good stock.

Sir Charles Henry Frankland was born in Bengal, May 10, 1716, while his father, Sir Thomas Frankland, was residing there as governor of the East India Company's factory in that place. His mother was Elizabeth (Cross) Frankland. He was a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell. He was the oldest of seven sons, was educated in affluence as the presumptive heir to the baronetcy and the estates at Thickleby and Mattersea. His family was one of the most ancient, (as

the name would indicate) wealthy and respectable in the north of England. He was Collector of the Port of Boston from 1741 to 1757, (receiving his commission from the King in spite of Sir William Shirley's efforts to obtain the same appointment). His salary was one hundred pounds sterling and perquisites. He belonged to the Church of England; was a pew owner and regular contributor to King's Chapel.

We cannot, in any degree, justify or palliate Frankland's standard of morals during the earlier part of his life. He tried to make amends for it in his later years.

Marblehead in 1742 was authorized to erect a fortification, now known as Fort Sewall, for the defense of the harbor against the French cruisers, and six hundred and ninety pounds were appropriated by the government for that object. The Collector of the Port of Boston, in a general way, superintended the erection of this fort.

During the summer Sir Harry Frankland, then Collector of Boston, made a business visit to Marblehead, which was then a flourishing town and already a port of entry of

great importance, and sought entertainment at the Fountain Inn.

While at the Inn his attention was attracted by a beautiful girl, about sixteen years old, who at the time was engaged in scrubbing the floor of the hall near the stairs. Her dress was scanty and poor and there were neither stockings or shoes on her feet. She was a waiting girl of all work at the Inn. Though her garb was so poor and her employment so servile there was in her form and features gleams of beauty that instantly attracted the attention of the Collector.

One writer has said, "Her ringlets were as black and glossy as the raven, her dark eyes beamed with light and loveliness, her voice was musical; and she bore the charming name of Agnes Surriage."

Frankland, a young man of about twenty-six years, called her to his side, and made some kindly enquiries in relation to her parents and gave her a crown, with which to buy a pair of shoes.

Visiting the town again a little later in the season, as on his previous visit, he drove with his coach and four to the Fountain Inn.

While there, he saw Agnes again in her work, as before, without stockings or shoes; and to his inquiry why she had not purchased the shoes she answered, "I have indeed, sir, with the crown you gave me, but I keep them to wear to meeting." The natural sprightliness of her mind and the artlessness and modesty of her ways, quite captivated the heart of Frankland. He sought and gained permission of her parents to remove her to Boston to be educated.

On her arrival in town Agnes was immediately given the best educational advantages that the place then afforded, not only in literature but also in whatever graces and accomplishments were then thought requisite to make a fashionable and perfect lady.

In acquiring a polite education, she did not however lose the artless simplicity of her childhood. She was industrious and painstaking in all her efforts and quickly mastered the sciences placed within her reach. Thus several years passed, during which Agnes steadily pursued her studies under careful and accomplished teachers.

In 1745 Frankland purchased of Mrs. Sur-

riage a tract of land in Maine which had fallen to her on the decease of her father, for which he paid her the sum of fifty pounds. Mrs. Surriage was at this time a widow, and poor. It is probable that Frankland took this method of assisting her, as there appears no evidence that he ever made any use of his purchase.

In 1746, by the death of his uncle, Sir Thomas Frankland, M. P., and one of the Lords of the Admiralty, the baronetcy of Thirsk devolved on Sir Harry as the nearest blood relative, and he received the title of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Bart.

Not long after this time Agnes Surriage, having finished her course of study and grown into a beautiful and charming woman, entered the family of Sir Harry Frankland, which in the opinion of sedate and circumspect Boston was, without the matrimonial bond, highly improper. A storm of just indignation rose against such an alliance which neither wealth, nor noble name, nor official power, nor courtly manners could allay. Therefore Frankland resolved to seek a residence for himself and Agnes in the seclusion of the country.

In 1751, Rev. Roger Price, rector of King's Chapel, an intimate friend of Frankland's, had taken up an extensive tract of land in Hopkinton, one of the most romantic towns in Middlesex County, with the intention of building a mission church for such Episcopalians as had, or might, become residents of the place. This circumstance, with the excellent soil and beauty of the scenery, induced Frankland to select this town for his retirement from the annoyance of the busy tongues of Boston.

Accordingly he bought four hundred and eighty acres of land in 1751-2 in the easterly part of the town. The tract lies along the southern and western slope of a hill called in the Indian tongue, "Magunco," (the place of great trees).

On the southwestern slope of this hill Sir Harry selected an eligible site, and erected a commodious manor house and reduced more than one hundred acres of his land to tillage; planted extensive orchards, built a costly barn, one hundred feet long, surmounted by a cupola; a granary which was set upon six wrought, conical freestone pillars which

he had imported from England for the purpose; and houses for his servants equal to those of many of the farmers in the neighborhood.

Horticulture being a favorite occupation and one in which Agnes most heartily sympathized, he introduced from England a great variety of choice fruit trees, including apple, pear, plum, peach, cherry, apricot, quince, etc. His eye for beauty led him to set out elms and other ornamental trees upon his grounds and to embellish his walks with the box, lilac, hawthorne and the rose.

Refined taste was manifested within doors as well as without. The mansion was large and strongly built. It stood at some distance from the road, and was approached by an avenue cut through the chestnut forest, and beautified by a flower garden tastefully arranged in front. The spacious hall, sustained by fluted columns, was hung with tapestry, richly ornamented with dark figures on a ground of deepest green, according to the fashion of the times. The chimney pieces were of Italian marble; cornices of stucco-work and other costly finishing em-

bellished the parlor, ante-rooms and chambers.

The grounds around the house were laid out in the most artistic manner, with terraces and walks bordered with shrubs of many kinds; with arbors and cosy retreats in unexpected but beautiful and romantic places, the great trees making this possible as it would not have been where nature and time had done less to aid them.

To this beautiful retreat, in the summer of 1752, Frankland retired with Agnes Surriage and a natural son, born in England, named Henry Cromwell, then about twelve years old.

Here it seems they spent their time in directing the affairs of the plantation, upon which not less than a dozen slaves were employed, in deer and fox hunting, in angling for the speckled trout in the brooks nearby and in reading their favorite authors.

While Frankland was engaged in the pleasures of country life in Hopkinton he did not neglect the duties of his office as Collector of Boston, but scrupulously attended to them.

From the Hopkinton records of March 12, 1753, it appeared that the town voted to grant Sir Harry Frankland's request in respect to a road through the land that was Jeremiah Hobbs' and also that £1. 8s. 1d. be discounted from his rates by reason of his being a churchman.

In the spring of 1754 it was found necessary that Frankland should visit England to attend to some matters relating to the settlement of the estate of his uncle, Sir Thomas Frankland.

Leaving the Custom House in charge of his deputy, he, with Agnes Surriage, embarked for London where they arrived early in the summer. But when he attempted to introduce Agnes into the circle of his distinguished relatives, in spite of his solicitations, she was treated with disdain; but Sir Harry's devotion to her was in no degree diminished by this.

Having finished his business in England, Sir Harry, with his fair protegee, made a tour of Europe, finally stopping in Lisbon, at that time a popular and fashionable retreat. The Kingdom of Portugal was at the zenith of its

prosperity, receiving large returns of gold from its Brazilian possessions in America. Here he hired and furnished a house and entered into the gay round of fashionable life.

From this time to the close of his life the baronet kept a kind of journal or diary, which is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is a rare and curious duodecimo of about two hundred pages, written in his own hand, and contains an account of current expenses, items of business, memoranda of estates, recipes, proverbs, etc.

In 1755 Sir Harry visited England, sailed June 3d on board the packet Hanover for London and arrived at Falmouth, June 16; came to his house in Clargis street, July 6. In returning he set out from London, September 4th, by the way of Falmouth to Lisbon.

One of the most violent and destructive earthquakes of modern times took place November 1, 1755. The center of the shock seemed to be a little to the west of Portugal, but the agitation of the earth's surface was

equal to seven and one-half million square miles. The shock was felt all over Western Europe, Northern Africa and even to the West Indies. The most terrible destruction, however, occurred at Lisbon, which was near the center of the volcanic disturbance.

The city stands on the right bank of the Tagus River, at this point about three miles wide; and at that time was a crowded, costly city, with dwellings, stores, churches, palaces, built of white marble. It had in 1755 almost 250,000 people within its limits, and was the residence of the richest king in Europe. The morning of that terrible day was unusually fine. The golden light of the rising sun was diffused throughout the city, across the valleys, upon the hilltops beyond, and lighted up the river and the ocean that laid before them like a sea of glass with a brilliancy that could not be excelled.

It was All Saints' Day, a day of imposing ceremony. The chiming bells were pealing forth their merry notes; the streets were crowded with carriages and people gaily dressed, people of every class, moving toward the various churches for the celebration.

of high mass. At 10 o'clock, A.M., the bells are silent; the worshipers are kneeling at the altars and the priests are proceeding with the services, when suddenly a sound is heard like thunder from the bosom of the earth; the solid walls are shaking; the terror of the people is beyond description; nobody cried, it was beyond tears. A moment afterward another shock breaks the awful silence and the fear is realized. The foundations of the churches and palaces are loosened, the walls and the towers rock to and fro, and with a crash topple to the ground, burying nearly thirty thousand of the affrighted people in one common grave! the earth shakes and trembles for the space of twenty minutes—thirty churches and nearly all of the stores and houses are in ruins—in many places the streets are filled with the fallen stones and timbers—the city itself is in ruins.

The King and his court, being at Belem at the time, was saved. (Belem was about a mile southwest of Lisbon.) Writing to his sister, Queen of Spain, he said, "Here I am, a King without a capitol, without subjects, without raiment."

Frankland had gone out upon the morning of that fatal day in his court dress to witness the celebration of high mass. He was riding with a lady on his way, when the earth began to rise and sink like a wave at sea, the walls of the buildings totter, bend and break over him, covering horses, carriage and its occupants in the ruin. The horses are killed, and his companion, in her agony, bites entirely through the sleeve of his red broadcloth coat and tears a piece of flesh from his arm. While thus entombed Frankland made a solemn vow that if he ever reached the outer world again he would live a different life, and first of all atone for the wrongs he had done his best friend and make Agnes Surriage his lawful wife. It would now be no humiliation for him, an English baron, to marry a poor servant girl.

Meanwhile Agnes, who had rushed from the house where she was, at the first warning of danger, escaped harm, and set out in earnest search for Sir Harry. Making her way along the streets now filled in places with smouldering ruins, she fortunately came to the very spot where he lay buried. She

heard the smothered accents of his well-known voice, and offered large rewards to men to assist in his recovery. In the course of an hour she had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing him lifted from his living tomb. He was carried to a place of safety, where his wounds were dressed, and was then removed to Belem. Faithful to his vow, a priest was called to solemnize the rite of marriage, and Agnes Surriage rises to take the honored name of Lady Agnes Frankland.

Frankland seized his first opportunity to return to England, and on his voyage thither, there being a clergyman of his own church on board, to make the marriage doubly sure he had the ceremony again performed.

On his arrival he introduced the Lady Agnes to his mother, who received her cordially as a daughter; and others of the family recognizing her rank, her beauty and her elegant manners, made up for past neglect by a generous welcome and many special tokens of esteem.

It was a strange freak of fortune, such as the world seldom sees, that a servant girl, the

daughter of a poor fisherman, should come to move in the aristocratic circles of the Franklands, Pelhams, Scarboroughs, Pitts and Walpoles which at that time exercised such influence over the destinies of the most powerful empire in the world.

As soon as the condition of Lisbon would permit, Frankland returned to that city and resumed his journal, as follows: "April, 1756, records from the Second Church in Marblehead, my wife was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Edward Holyoke, the pastor of said church, in name of Agnes Surriage." "April 26 sailed from Belem to Boston on board the ship Friendship, Captain Eleazer Johnson."

On Frankland's arrival at Boston he introduced to his compeers the lovely and accomplished but once slighted Agnes Surriage as Lady Frankland, who was at once recognized as a star of the first magnitude in the polished circles of the town.

In October of this year (1756) Frankland bought of Thomas Greenough for £1,200 sterling the celebrated Clark mansion on Garden Court street and Bell Alley at the north end of the town. This house was

erected by one of the wealthiest merchants in Boston, and was intended to rival in splendor the far-famed Hutchinson house adjoining it. It was of brick, three stories high, and contained in all twenty-six rooms. To this elegant mansion, furnished with regal splendor, Sir Harry introduced his Lady, and here during the winter she presided over the elite of the court end of the town as one of the most charming women of that period. The summer of 1757 was passed in their delightful home in Hopkinton, where they enjoyed all of the pleasures of a quiet country life, visiting Boston as occasion might require, but not always without incident, as we find the New Hampshire Gazette, September 2, 1757, has the following: "Boston, August 20, 1757. Thursday last, as Sir Harry Frankland and his lady were coming into town in their chariot a number of boys were gunning on Boston Neck (notwithstanding there is an express law to the contrary) when one of them discharged his piece at a bird, missed the same, and almost the whole charge of shot came into the chariot where Sir Harry

and his lady were, several of which entered his hat and clothes and one grazed his face, but did no other damage to him or lady."

During the year 1757 Frankland's declining health made him seek a milder climate than that of Boston, and as his residence in Portugal had made him well acquainted with the language and commercial regulations, he sought and obtained of King George II an appointment as Consul General of that Kingdom. On his appointment to that office he ceased to be Collector of the Port of Boston, and soon took passage for Lisbon.

(From his diary.) "1758 sailed from Piscataqua in North America for England in the Mermaid man-of-war, Captain Alexander Innis."

"July 4, 1759, attending to the duties of my office in Lisbon."

"August 9, 1763, sailed from Lisbon in the Hanover packet, Captain Sherburn, and arrived at Falmouth on Wednesday, August 17," and from thence to Hopkinton. His health continued to decline and soon, he, with his lady and Henry Cromwell, took passage

for Bath, England, for the purpose of enjoying the benefit of its mineral waters.

Though he left Lisbon in 1763 he held his office until 1767.

He died in Bath, January 11, 1768, aged 51 years, 8 months and 1 day, and was buried at Ireston Church in the vicinity of Bath.

The following monumental inscription may be found high against the wall in the nave of the church:

“To the memory of Sir Charles Henry Frankland of Thirkleby in the County of York, Baronet, Consul General for many years at Lisbon, from whence he came in hopes of recovering from a bad state of health to Bath where after a tedious and painful illness, which he sustained with patience and resignation, becoming a Christian, he died 11th January, 1768, in the 52d year of his life, without issue, and at his own desire lies buried in this church. This monument is erected by his affectionate widow, Agnes, Lady Frankland.”

Sir Harry Frankland possessed more than ordinary executive ability, a good and discriminating judgment and accomplished and graceful manners; his integrity was above suspicion. He delighted in elegant literature,

in the beauties of nature, in practical gardening, and in social life; and in his beloved Agnes, refined and beautiful above her sex, he ever found the liveliest sympathy and the most cordial assistance. At heart, he was ever true to his friends; as a neighbor, generous and kind; as a citizen, upright and noble.

When Frankland returned to Hopkinton after the earthquake he brought with him the red broadcloth coat with its rent sleeve, the bent and battered sword and scabbard he had worn by his side and other relics of that terrible day, and hung them along the tapestried walls of one of the chambers of his mansion. On each anniversary of his deliverance from that dreadful catastrophe he entered this room, locked the door upon himself, closed the shutters, and in darkness and silence spent the day.

In June, 1768, after her husband's death, Lady Frankland returned from England to Hopkinton and there remained until 1775. She ever had the deepest affection for her parents, her brothers and sisters and their

children. Her sister, Mrs. Swain, and her children continued to reside with her.

The arrival of British troops in Boston in 1775 and the consequent action of the Colonists, rendered it necessary in many cases for the Royalists to abandon their estates and seek refuge among their friends.

Lady Frankland, leaving her mansion and estate in Hopkinton in charge of her sister, Mrs. Mary Swain, and her daughter, Mrs. John Dupee, with Henry Cromwell and a few trusty servants set out for Boston, taking the precaution to obtain permission of the Colonial Congress. May 15, she received from the Committee of Safety a permit to enter Boston with her attendants and goods, as follows: "Six trunks, one chest, three beds and bedding, six wethers, two pigs, one small keg of pickled tongues, some hay, three bags of corn and such other goods as she thinks proper." But regardless of her permit, her carriage was stopped on the way by a party of armed men under the direction of Abner Craft and her person and goods held in custody, though she bore the following permit:

"TO THE COLONY GUARD:

"Permit Lady Frankland of Hopkinton, with her attendants, goods and provisions above mentioned, to pass to Boston, with the express orders of the Committee of Safety.

"BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR., Chairman.

"Headquarters, Salem, May 15, 1775."

As Mr. Craft, anxious to serve his country, had captured the lady without regard to the instructions of the Committee of Safety, he was immediately ordered to appear before the Provincial Congress to answer to the allegations made against him in respect to the detention of Lady Frankland. And Congress resolved "that he should be gently admonished by the President, and be assured that the Congress was determined to retain their power over the military." "Mr. Craft was again called and the President politely admonished him agreeably to the resolution of Congress."

It was then resolved "that Lady Frankland be permitted to go to Boston with the following articles, viz.: Seven trunks, all the beds and the furniture to them, all the boxes and crates; a basket of chickens and a bag of corn; two barrels and a hamper; two

horses and two chaises and all the articles in the chaises, excepting arms and ammunition; one phaeton; some tongues, ham and veal and sundry small bundles, which articles having been examined by a committee from this Congress, she is permitted to have them carried in without further examination."

May 19th, Congress "resolved that Colonel Bond be and hereby is directed to appoint a guard of six men to escort Lady Frankland to Boston with such of her effects as this Congress have permitted her to carry with her, and Colonel Bond is directed to wait on General Thomas with a copy of the resolves of this Congress."

Defended by a guard of six soldiers, Lady Frankland entered Boston about the first of June, and took possession of her house on Garden Court street, where she was greeted by her old friends, especially by General Burgoyne, whom she had known in Portugal.

From the windows of this mansion she witnessed, in company with many others, the thrilling scenes of the Battle of Bunker

Hill, and aided with her own hands to assuage the sufferings of the wounded. She soon after, with Henry Cromwell, sailed for England and resided in the Frankland family until 1782, receiving the love and homage of all who knew her.

In 1782 she was married to John Drew, Esquire, a wealthy banker of Chichester. Her life with him was brief, for taking a sudden cold and inflammation of the lungs ensuing, she died April 23, 1783, at the age of fifty-seven years, and was buried in Chichester.

In the burial ground of St. Pancras Church, Chichester, is a long series of epitaphs for the Drews, the one at the end of their altar-tomb being as follows:

DAME AGNES FRANKLAND
Relict of
SIR CHARLES HENRY FRANKLAND, BART.
and late wife of
JOHN DREW
Died April 23, 1783,
Aged 55 years.

On the death of Lady Frankland the estate in Boston came by will to her sister, Mrs. Mary (McClester) Swain; then to her son Daniel McClester, who devised it to his

uncle, Isaac Surriage* of Hopkinton. (The house was torn down about 1832.)

While other estates of Loyalists were forfeited, on account of difficulties that arose in the minds of the Committee of Safety, the Hopkinton estate was not confiscated, there being at the time so many innocent persons depending upon it. It continued in the possession of Mrs. Swain, Mrs. Dupee and her son until 1793, when it was sold by Rufus Green Amory, Esquire, attorney for Henry Cromwell of Chichester, England, to whom it had been devised by will, to Dr. Timothy Shepard of Sherburn for the sum of £950. Dr. Shepard died in 1803 and left the estate to his widow, who held it in possession until her decease, June 22, 1857, at the age of eighty-seven years.

In 1857, the estate reduced to about one hundred acres, came into the possession of Elias Nason. Unfortunately the house was

*September 5, 1768, Isaac Surriage married Ruhamak Pedrick of Marblehead. He had followed the sea for many years; at length settled in Hopkinton, purchased a farm of sixty-seven acres of John Parker, April 22, 1784, where he died September, 1813. He was short, thick set and pitted with smallpox. He also bought the Rider and Tidd places.

burned by accidental fire, January 23, 1858. After the accident Mr. Nason wrote:

“All is not lost; the well-constructed double walls of stone still enclose the grounds; the terraces upon the sloping hillside; the blocks of skilfully-wrought sandstone on which the granary stood; the lines of box in the flower garden, now some ten or twelve feet high; the avenue formed by Persian lilacs, now grown into noble trees; the snow-ball; the buckthorn, pear and apple trees scattered over the plantation; the lofty and majestic elms that wave their huge branches over the capacious green, falling by gentle inclination to the road; these still remain, attesting to the wealth and taste of the original proprietor.”

The house was rebuilt, but with not quite its former elegance. That house, after the lapse of less than fifty years, was destroyed by fire.

On the 20th day of September, 1904, the oldest* and the youngest members of the Marblehead Historical Society made a pilgrimage to this charming retreat. In a lonely valley on the road from Hopkinton

* The President and his grandson.

to Ashland they stepped out of the electric car and entered a path-way through the woods. They found a well-trodden path and in three or four minutes emerged from the wood upon a field of some thirty acres, the former garden of the Franklands. Across this field in plain view was the site of the Frankland house. They followed the path across the field, and as they neared the picturesque country road, on a little knoll at their left, they saw what might have been the foundations of two small cottages, perhaps for workmen or servants. They crossed the road and entered the driveway. There the landmarks were very distinct. The driveway to the house passed around a spacious grass plot and back to the road again. In the center of the grass plot were the remains of a stone and cement fountain, an oval about six by eight feet, which may have brought to Agnes' mind her early days at the Fountain Inn. At the side of the driveway there were three immense elms, certainly of an hundred and fifty years' growth and undoubtedly planted by Sir Harry Frankland. On the right hand side of the way

was the cellar of the old mansion. Here is distinctly shown the outlines of the old house. The cellar wall remains almost intact; the front and side steps, where the "coach and four" were reined in for the egress or the reception of the lord and lady of the mansion or their guests, and the sleek but impatient horses pawed the graveled way; here, too, are the stone stairs to the cellar, also the base of the chimneys, in one of which a part of the fireplace still remains, while the bricks from the fallen tops are strewn about the cellar floor. There also remains one section of the frame of the extreme end of the kitchen wing, having passed the ordeal of two fires; the posts, girt and braces stand straight and firm, though charred to almost a coal. It is all that remains of the original Frankland house, but is sufficient to show that the house was built in the most substantial manner. The extension beyond, though charred within from sill to ridgepole, is almost intact without, but is evidently of a more modern build. Standing on the lawn between the fountain and the road is one of the six "elaborately

wrought" sandstone pillars brought from England by Frankland on which to set his granary, and lying upon the lawn in front of the house is another. These pillars are conical, of a diameter of about thirteen inches at the base and seven at the apex, and about three feet in height.

The large barn now standing on the premises is not the original, the one built by Frankland, that was blown down in the terrific gale, September 23, 1815, and was replaced by one not so capacious.

It is a charming place; charming in its loneliness and desolation. Standing upon this eminence you can see no human habitation, and on that day there was not the song of a bird or the chirp of a squirrel to be heard. Looking across broad fields specked here and there with the fragments of an orchard, a decaying tree, a stump in the ground, a clump of bushes, and up and down the grass-grown and wood-lined road you see beyond nothing but trees; trees on every side. It is a beautiful spot; but its life and light went out with the passing of Sir Harry and Lady Agnes Frankland and the Fountain Inn.





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